

F A C E T I Æ.

Never blow down a lamp chimney to extinguish the flame, for it is quite liable to return the compliment and blow you up.

Never tell a secret to a woman. Why? Because if you can't keep it to yourself, why expect that she will be able to keep it to herself?

Some one says you must always climb stairs while inspiring or drawing in the air, never while respiring. In summer one may sometimes be allowed to go up perspiring.

A lady writes an indignant note to a contemporary in which she expresses a belief that editors never go to Heaven. We thought that everybody knew that journalists never went anywhere. They don't get the chance. They just sit up nights thinking how to do good, until the tops of their heads wear holes through their hair.

A company of scapegraces meeting a pious old man named Samson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah, now we're safe. We'll take Samson along with us, and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll slay them all." "My young friend," quietly responded the old man, "to do that, I should have to borrow your jaw-bone!"

In a discussion about the discovery of the North and South Poles, a man who had become disgusted with public tight-rope performances burst in with the exclamation, "When they do discover the long sought poles some lunatic will be slinging a rope from one of them to the other and trundling a wheelbarrow over it."

The other day a young man from the rural districts came to town with a load of wood and a pair of oxen, and in the course of his wanderings he came across a fire hydrant that had been opened to clear out the pipes. He stared at the gushing water in dead silence for a moment, and then gave the alarm by shrieking, "Gosh all hemlock! Here's a hitching-post sprung a leak worse than a sugar-maple."

Jones fears that the lexicographers, Johnson and Walker, owe the excellence of their dictionary to the use of stimulants. Jones is so literal. These views came from seeing in the title page of that work: "Johnson and Walker. Improved by Todd."

Southern Lord (staying at Highland castle) — "Thank you so much. I—aw—weally enjoy your music. I think of having a piper at my own place."

Sandy the piper—"An' fat kin' o' a piper would your lordship be needin'?"

Lord—"Oh, certainly, a good piper like yourself, Sandy." Sandy (sniffing) — "Och! Intoe! Ye micht easily fin' a lord like your lordship, but it's nae sac easy to fin' a piper like me whatever!"

And row eggs are being counterfeited and the manufacture of the bogus fruit carried on extensively. In appearance it resembles the natural egg, and defies detection. The only way by which the hens can protect themselves against this infringement of their patent is for each one to have a private trade mark, and label every egg, "None genuine unless bearing our stamp and signature."

"Pa," observed a boy to his father, "what does Mr. Pitkins and Julia find to talk about in the parlor by themselves, four hours a night every night in the week?" The old gentleman pulled a splint out of the broom, and slowly prodding his teeth with it, replied: "I got a hunk of meat yesterday, an' we had it boiled for dinner, didn't we?"

"Yes," "An' had it cold for supper?"

"Yes," "An' your ma hashed it up for breakfast this morning, didn't she?" "Yes," "An' to-day I got another hunk which is on the same road, ain't it?" "Yes," "Well, that is the way with Pitkins an' your sister Julia,"

A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"